**where I wanna be**

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# where I wanna be

by PersonalSpin

Summary

Jesse doesn't ask what woke Hanzo up in a cold sweat, desperate for gentle touch and kind words. It doesn't truly matter; he'll give Hanzo whatever he needs.

Notes

Inspiration drawn pretty heavily from this post:
http://angstgremlin.tumblr.com/post/164886639873/nsfw-soft-dominant-starters

All the sentence prompts.... were so good..... I think I used like 90% of them.

It's almost midnight and Hana and Genji's video game tournament is still going strong, though Jesse has been dozing on the sofa for most of the last game. His phone buzzes in his pocket with a text -- another text pops up as he goes to check. Jesse taps out a quick reply as his heart gives an anxious thump. "Alright, think I'm headed to bed now, kids," he says as he stands.

"Bedtime already, old man?" Hana glances over her shoulder and Genji takes immediate advantage, pulling into the lead. She swears at him viciously, leaning forward and staring intently at the screen as multiple colourful explosions signal her renewed effort to best him.

McCree stretches his arms up over his head, yawning wide as his back cracks loudly. "I know you two ain't finishing soon-"

"I have yet to definitively prove my superiority," Genji says. Hana shoves a foot in his face in retaliation. He catches it and tries to keep playing with one hand but he struggles to keep Hana from zooming into the lead again.

"Have fun," McCree says as he leaves. He isn't sure they hear him over the sounds of explosions and their own swearing, and he's too distracted tapping out another text.

*From: Hanzo<3 [11:44]*
I need you.

*From: Hanzo<3 [11:44]*
Please.

*To: Hanzo<3 [11:45]*
omw hold on baby

*To: Hanzo<3 [11:47]*
be there soon. wait for me, ok?

McCree tries not to worry, but his long legs carry him quickly through the base towards his and Hanzo's room. He doesn't know what to expect as he swipes open the door lock, and he breathes out a small sigh of relief when he immediately spots Hanzo on their bed. His hair is loose, falling in a curtain around his face and hiding him from Jesse. He's got his chin tucked into his chest and his hands palm down on his thighs, where they shake a little. He doesn’t acknowledge Jesse beyond taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly.

"Hey baby," Jesse says softly, pulling off his boots before approaching the bed. Hanzo doesn't look up but he curls into him when he sits on the bed, until he's almost in Jesse's lap. "C'mere, love, you're OK." McCree slips his hands under Hanzo's naked thighs and pulls him on to him. Hanzo goes so sweetly, tucking his head under Jesse's chin and his nose in the hollow of his throat. "Yer safe, I gotcha."

This ain't the first time this has happened -- they both got demons that like to prey on them during vulnerable moments. Jesse doesn't ask what woke Hanzo up in a cold sweat, desperate

for gentle touch and kind words. It doesn't truly matter; he'll give Hanzo whatever he needs.

Hanzo's arms wind around his waist and McCree leans back until his shoulders are against the wall and his arms are a heavy, comforting weight at Hanzo's back, pressing them together. "There ya go, sweetheart, I'm here. I'll keep ya safe." Jesse tries to run his fingers through his hair but it's got some pretty ugly snarls. A violent dream, one that made Hanzo thrash until he'd woken himself -- McCree presses his lips from the skin of his cheekbones to his ear. "I love you so much. Y'know that, right?"

"I do not deserve you," Hanzo says quietly, but his hands have stopped shaking as he slides them over Jesse's chest. McCree peeks down at him and Hanzo is looking up at last; his eyes are red but clear, his eyelashes clinging together wetly. Jesse grins and plants a sloppy kiss on the side of his nose for the way it makes Hanzo scrunch up his face.

"Yer stuck with me. No gettin' rid of me now." Hanzo smiles a little and it's the best thing McCree's seen all day. "There's my sweetheart, so beautiful when you smile for me." He hides his face in Jesse's shoulder again and he can feel Hanzo's blush through his shirt. "And what a pretty blush too," Jesse teases, kissing along Hanzo's neck.

They don't always have sex when Hanzo has a nightmare. Sometimes they'll just lie quietly, wrapped up in each other, a movie playing on a laptop that neither of them are watching. Tonight Jesse can feel Hanzo's interest pressing into his belly and he lets his kisses turn sharp, teeth against the thick muscle of Hanzo's shoulder. Hanzo makes a quiet noise and tries to press closer, his finger clutching at his shirt and plucking impatiently at the buttons. "Do you want this, sweetness?" he asks.

"Please, sir," Hanzo breathes.

"Always ask so nicely. Alright, lemme up so I can get rid of some of these clothes." Hanzo lets out a displeased whine, making Jesse chuckle, though he does eventually let him scoot to the end of the bed to wiggle out of his jeans. "Why don't you make the two of us some tea?"

"Yes sir." He falls into this so quickly, like nothing would make him happier than being good for Jesse. It always makes something in McCree go soft to see him so eager to please. It hurts to think about what made Hanzo crave the smallest praise, and he is so honoured to be able to give him at least part of what he needs.

Hanzo brews the tea while Jesse pulls off his shirt and slips into a pair of comfortable sweatpants, sets his hat down on the desk and runs a hand through his hair. "Thank you, darlin'," Jesse says when Hanzo pours him a cup before handing him the pot so Jesse can pour Hanzo's. The first time he'd done this, he'd set the cup rattling with how hard his hands were shaking, but he's steady now. Hanzo takes his cup with a murmured thanks and sits at their desk while Jesse picks up his brush and starts to gently work out some of those knots.

The first time Hanzo had trusted him enough to let Jesse take care of him, Jesse had sent him to take a shower after Hanzo had woken from a nightmare in a cold sweat. He'd found Hanzo ten minutes later staring blankly at the tiles with the water long since gone cold and he hadn't done it again. Helping Hanzo wash away the nightmare helped him move on from it and feel

a little more human; luckily he enjoys having his hair brushed and Jesse loves the feel of it, the smooth glide of the comb and the soft noises Hanzo makes as he pets along his neck.

"Your tea will go cold," he murmurs at one point. Jesse has to take a moment to remember what he means.

"So considerate. Thank you, baby," he says, and tucks a strand of Hanzo's hair behind his ear to kiss the shell. Hanzo smiles at him like Jesse's the one doing something for him. McCree grabs his tea and drinks it quickly, glad that it's cooled enough to avoid scorching his throat. “Ya feeling better now yer all handsome again?”

“Yes. Thank you, sir,” Hanzo says, giving him a look under his lashes.

“Yer welcome.” Jesse sets the brush aside and sits on the bed, spreading his legs wide. “Come sit in my lap, pet.”

Hanzo rises from the chair in a single fluid movement, long hair spilling from his shoulder down the smooth length of his back. He sinks into Jesse’s lap just as gracefully, and as beautiful as Hanzo is when he’s naked, Jesse is caught by the look in his dark eyes. Jesse settles his hands at Hanzo’s hips, where they fit so nicely, and leans in for a kiss.

Hanzo’s bottom lip fits just as nicely between MCree’s own, and he always makes such good sounds when Jesse licks over it and bites down gently. Hanzo loves kissing, turns to putty in McCree’s hands the moment he sucks on his tongue, chasing after Jesse when he moves away. Jesse chuckles and runs his hands through his soft hair. “D’ya just want kisses, Hanzo?”

He has to blink some of the fog from his eyes but when he does Hanzo shakes his head.

“Tell me what ya want.” Hanzo tries to duck his head again but Jesse doesn’t let him, gently grasping him by the chin and kissing him until his shoulders relax from around his ears again. "No need to be so shy, it's just you n’ me," McCree says, moving away only far enough to speak. He can feel his lips brush Hanzo’s, the warm air of his exhale. Hanzo’s hands at his shoulders clench and release. “How do I help ya, Hanzo?”

“I want to be good for you. I don’t want to think,” Hanzo murmurs into the scant space between them. “Not anymore, not tonight.”

“Yer so good, sunshine,” Jesse says lowly. Hanzo closes his eyes as he bites over his lip. “I’m so proud of ya. Thank you for telling me.” He kisses over the hot flush on Hanzo’s cheek. "Why don't ya pick out a toy so we can get started."

McCree laughs when Hanzo slides out of his lap faster than last time to dig around in their toy drawer. He’s kicked off his sweatpants and underwear by the time Hanzo returns and demands more kisses from him. Jesse bites a little harder, licks a little more insistently between his teeth. Hanzo looks kiss-drunk when he draws back again, though he’s got enough wherewithal to press their bullet vibrator and a bottle of lube into McCree’s hand.

“Y’want to get fucked until you cry, is that right?” Jesse grins, delighted, as Hanzo’s cock gives a little jerk, the damp head smearing against McCree’s stomach.

“Yes, please, sir,” Hanzo purrs as he twists his fingers in the longer hair at Jesse’s nape. McCree nips at the little smirk his sweetheart’s giving him as he pushes him down on to the bed.

The little vibe is a powerful one and Hanzo needs a little warm up before he can enjoy it; Jesse runs the toy along the soft skin of his thighs and belly and drinks in the soft noises he makes, little moans and whines he tries to keep trapped behind his teeth. *That ain’t gonna fly*, Jesse thinks as he mouths at Hanzo’s hip and slicks up his fingers.

He swallows down Hanzo’s cock and rubs slick fingers from his balls to his ass, smearing lube everywhere but applying no pressure. Not until Hanzo’s writhing, his lip caught between his teeth to hold back all his noises and his cock is hard and wet when Jesse lets it slip from his mouth to lie in the crease of his thigh. "Yer so beautiful, all spread out like this, just for me," he says, voice gone rough with the taste of Hanzo on his tongue. He kisses his cockhead and grins as Hanzo twitches.

Hanzo flushes from his hairline down to his chest, though he tries to hide behind a hand. Jesse drops the vibe to gently pull his hand away, kissing over his knuckles until Hanzo looks at him. "Don't cover yer face, I want to see you," Jesse says. He places Hanzo’s hand on the pillow by his head and tells him with a look to keep it there. Hanzo nods, his long lashes resting on his cheeks. “That’s it, honey, yer so good for me. I want to hear ya too, want to hear how good y’feel.”

Jesse nuzzles into Hanzo’s cheek, kissing his flush as he finally presses his finger against Hanzo’s entrance and slips in. Hanzo makes a bitten off noise and turns to kiss him properly, and McCree fucks his tongue into his mouth to the movement of his hand. Hanzo whines into the kiss, digging his fingers into Jesse’s shoulder -- in his defence, Jesse hadn’t told him what to do with his other hand, and he groans as Hanzo rakes his nails across his back. He bites down on Hanzo soft bottom lip and twists his hand meanly, all but forcing Hanzo to break the kiss to cry out.

McCree kisses down his neck, licks over his rapid pulse before trailing lower. He loves Hanzo’s cock but his chest is a close second; the noises Hanzo makes when Jesse sinks his teeth into his collarbone are indescribable, raw want rising in his throat as he pushes out his plush chest. He wails when Jesse flicks his tongue over a nipple before biting down, abusing the nub until Hanzo’s sobbing and Jesse’s shoulders are covered in welts that throb in time to the ache in his cock. McCree takes his time loving on Hanzo’s chest, giving him a bouquet of bruises to remember tonight, murmuring nonsense into his skin the entire time. “Sweetness, my sweetheart, my love,” Jesse says and kisses Hanzo’s spreading blush. He loves the pet names, even as they make him blush down to his toes.

McCree has a little mercy on him and leaves his sore chest to trail lower, though not before pressing a last kiss to a puffy nipple that makes Hanzo hiss and shudder. He licks at the pooled precum on Hanzo’s belly and feels the muscles of his abdomen twitch beneath his tongue. Over his head Hanzo groans, not loudly but deep in his gut. It makes McCree’s cock twitch enthusiastically, neglected to leak against the bedsheets. He humps the mattress to

relieve some of the pressure in his gut as he adds more lube to his fingers and swallows down Hanzo's cock again.

Jesse rewards Hanzo's beautiful moan by slowly sliding another finger into him. Hanzo's hand flies down to tangle in Jesse's hair, though he doesn't let Hanzo dictate how fast he slides his lips down his cock, how long he lingers at the head to taste the steady stream of precum before he traces the veins on his shaft with his tongue. Jesse loves sucking dick, the weight and taste of it, and he knows how to send Hanzo half-mad with only his lips and some steady sucking.

Hanzo grows louder and bucks his hips sharply into his mouth. Jesse pins his hips in place with his prosthetic hand and Hanzo tries to fight him, squirming in his hold but going nowhere. He's trapped between McCree's mouth and his fingers, with no choice but to take what he's being given. His fingers go slack against the back of Jesse's head as Hanzo shivers and moans.

Jesse adds another finger and Hanzo groans even louder, getting an elbow under him to look down at McCree sucking his cock with glazed eyes, his hair damp and sticking to his skin. Jesse doesn't break eye contact as he slowly takes Hanzo to the root, his cockhead nudging against the back of Jesse's throat. Hanzo chokes on nothing, pulling roughly at Jesse's hair as he moans, eyes fluttering. "Fuck, Jesse, sir. Please, I need -- I want-"

McCree swallows around Hanzo and he keens, clutching around Jesse's fingers. He desperately tries to fuck himself back on his hand and into the tight heat of his mouth as Jesse holds him hard enough to bruise. He has to pull off eventually, and Jesse presses openmouthed kisses down Hanzo's cock before biting a vivid bruise into the jut of his hipbone. He presses his thumb to Hanzo's rim and Hanzo chokes on a gasp. "Fuck, love the way ya squeeze around me, how you moan when yer taking my fingers or my cock. Y'love it, don't you? Love taking everything I give you?"

"Yes!" Hanzo cries out. "Sir, please!"

"Yer close, aren't you?" Jesse asks, though he knows before even Hanzo nods. His thighs are trembling beside McCree's head, cock twitching against his lips and spitting out precum to drip on to the sheets. He kisses the soft skin of Hanzo's inner thigh, sucking the salt from his skin. "You want it? Why don't you beg for it, sweetness?"

"Please, sir, please let me come! I need to, I've been good! Please-"

"Yeh, ya have. You've been so good," Jesse says with a chuckle. He digs around in the bedsheets until he finds the vibe, still buzzing away, and grins into Hanzo's damp skin. "Come whenever y'want, baby, I've got ya."

He slides the vibe across Hanzo's thigh, watching in delight as the muscles jumps, and presses the cool tip to the delicate skin just behind his balls. Hanzo wails, kicking out as his cock leaks copiously, his hands clenching but not reaching for his cock. Jesse knows from experience he doesn't need the help, not when he moves the vibe to where Hanzo stretched out around McCree's fingers.

Hanzo sobs, all of him shaking. “P-please-”

“Love ya,” McCree says as he holds the vibe against the sensitive underside of Hanzo’s cock. He comes with a wail, his cock jumping and spurting long strings of come across his belly and chest. Hanzo’s almost shakin’ out of his skin, collapsing back on to the bed and throwing his arms over his eyes, chest heaving. "That's it, keep coming," Jesse coos, rolling the vibe along his shaft to coax more from Hanzo, wanting every drop and overwrought twitch, until every exhale is a whine and Hanzo’s trying to move his hips away.

Jesse clicks off the vibe and drops it over the side of the bed, to be forgotten until morning, and crawls up Hanzo’s body to kiss over the bits of his face he can reach. “Aren’t ya gonna let me see you, gorgeous?”

Hanzo lets his arms slip from his face and Jesse finally leans down, drawing him into gentle kisses that are barely more than the press of lips against each other. Hanzo’s blinking dreamily, coming down slow from his high, but lifts a heavy hand to cup the back of Jesse’s neck and smiles into the kisses.

He’s so beautiful Jesse’s chest aches, and he couldn’t stop the grin that spreads over his face and makes his cheeks hurt. “Hello beautiful,” he murmurs. “Feeling good? Y’looked so pretty, coming all over yerself and fucking yerself on my hand.” Hanzo groans and tries to turn away. Jesse laughs, kissing his cheek wetly and nipping at his ear. “Don’t be shy, sweetheart, I love it when ya let yerself feel good. And you’ve been *very* good.”

McCree rolls his hips, sliding his cock through the come in the curve of Hanzo’s hip, his cock soft and damp against his. Hanzo gasps, shuddering as Jesse bites down on his earlobe and sucks it to soothe the sting. "I think you deserve a treat," Jesse says, grinning as Hanzo twitches his hips up to meet his steady thrusts.

“Please,” Hanzo says, and spreads his legs so Jesse can sink into him and press his cock where Hanzo’s soft and open for him. “Please, sir, I want you to fuck me.”

Jesse groans low in his chest and drops his head to Hanzo’s shoulder. “Yer gonna kill me, sweetness, that ain’t fair.” Hanzo snickers, not sorry in the least, and Jesse retaliates by thrusting. The head of his cock catches on Hanzo’s hole and he gasps, holding his breath for a long moment, before moaning in disappointment as it slips past. “Y’want my cock, Hanzo? Want to feel stretched out around me and so full up ya can’t breathe?”

“*Yes*,” Hanzo hisses and tries to pull him in by his hips, finger digging into the meat of Jesse’s ass. Jesse doesn’t let him rush him, though he does go about slicking up his cock quickly. The first touch against his cock makes him go cross-eyed, he’s been hard for what feels like hours now. Jesse grips the base of his cock and takes a deep breath, bringing himself back down from the brink, and lines himself up. There’s always a moment, no matter how ready Hanzo is, where Jesse wonders if the fat head of his cock will be able to push in. Hanzo is always so tight and squeezes around him so deliciously, but then McCree pushes a little more and Hanzo’s body slowly gives way.

His cockhead slips inside and they both groan at the feeling. Jesse feeds him his cock slowly, inch by inch, and watches the way Hanzo’s face goes hazy with pleasure. Jesse sits back on

his heels when he's half-way in and runs his hands down Hanzo's chest to his ribs. Hanzo twitches at the cool prosthetic against his nipples, moans as gun calluses catch against soft skin. He pants, mouth open and very red, and bucks his hips desperately to get McCree moving again. "McCree-" Hanzo tries to say but he chokes on a gasp when Jesse presses his thumb against the head of his cock. "*Jesse*."

"Yes, Hanzo?" Jesse asks as he draws his thumb through some of the come on his belly and licks it off, winking and grinning when Hanzo immediately blushes a deep red. "You wanted somethin', darlin'?"

Hanzo growls and rolls his hips again, winding Jesse as much as it makes him chuckle. "*Move*."

"You seem to have things pretty well in hand, gorgeous," Jesse says. He cups Hanzo's chest, where he's all hot and pink with embarrassment, and thumbs at his nipples. Hanzo throws his head back on a gasp, pulling on Jesse's hips and fucking himself on his cock. McCree grunts and twitches his hips into the soft heat of Hanzo's body, a tiny thrust that does nothing more than make his cock ache and Hanzo whine. "Yeah, just like that. Why don't you move your hips for me, hm, make yourself feel good on me."

Hanzo tilts his head to glare at him though his blush hasn't faded in the slightest, but he sets his feet against the mattress and undulates his whole body. It steals McCrees breath away, back bowing until his forehead presses to Hanzo's sternum. "Damn, you really are out to kill me."

"Now will you move?" Hanzo demands, moving his hands to tug on his hair insistently.

"Sure thing." Jesse gets his arms under Hanzo's legs and lifts, making him squawk as he slings his legs over his shoulders and folds him in half like a pretzel. McCree sinks in those last few inches and bottoms out, getting Hanzo deep and groaning as he squeezes around him. His cock is throbbing, he honestly doesn't think he'll last much longer, Hanzo is so hot and tight. "Fuck, so good. Yer so good for me," he groans into the damp space between Hanzo's pecs. Jesse trails open mouthed kisses up Hanzo's chest until he can fuck his mouth with his tongue.

McCree finally starts to move and it's incredible, as incredible as every time is with Hanzo. He's learnt to play Hanzo's body like a finely tuned instrument, pulling sweet sounds from him. He keeps his thrusts deep, the slide of his hands slow, wanting to touch Hanzo everywhere. Jesse can't decide if he wants to tease Hanzo's nipples until he sobs or pet his oversensitive cock where it's bobbing against his stomach, half-hard and leaking again. Hanzo's completely hazy, he can barely coordinate himself to keep a hold of Jesse's hair, and every breath is a slack-jawed moan.

The little minx still grins when he squeezes around McCree, almost pushing him over the edge with a suddenness that winds him. "Baby, please," Jesse gasps, hips stuttering and grasping at Hanzo's shoulder, the hair on his neck. He buries his face in Hanzo's neck, panting wetly as he tries not to come, though he can't remember why he shouldn't when Hanzo whines softly at each twitch of his hips and his muscles ripple around him.

“Please, sir, I want you to come in me,” Hanzo says so sweetly, kissing Jesse’s ear.

His orgasm feels like it’s pulled from him, wrenched from deep within his gut, and McCree groans like he’s dying. He pumps his hips a few more times, pushing his come deeper into Hanzo’s fucked-out body, before he all but collapses. He knows it ain’t polite to squash your partner after sex but Jesse figures Hanzo will forgive him when he wiggles a hand between them and gets a hold of his neglected cock. Hanzo gasps something that might be Jesse’s name as his cock twitches and come dribbles onto his fingers. “That’s it,” McCree slurs, smearing kisses into his shoulder as Hanzo shudders and sobs through another orgasm. “Give it all to me.”

They eventually fall together into a heap of sweaty, sated limbs. Hanzo’s attempting to become one with the bed, his eyes closed, while Jesse curls over him and kisses whatever he can reach, his neck and strong shoulders. He trails filthy fingers over Hanzo’s abs, earning him a irate grunt, and paints Hanzo’s kiss-swollen lips with his own spend. "Open your mouth for me, love."

Hanzo purses his lips but after a moment he allows Jesse to feed him his own come, swiping his tongue lazily over his fingers until they’re clean. Hanzo nips at his fingertips as he pulls away. “You’re filthy.”

“N’ you love me,” Jesse says, smacking a kiss to his cheek. He pulls out gently, though even that is too much after two orgasms as Hanzo twitches and shudders. McCree kisses him gently in apology and cleans away some of the come on his stomach with the ruined bedsheets.

Hanzo wrinkles his nose but he cracks open an eye and smiles at Jesse. He brushes the back of his knuckles over his hairy cheek and McCree catches his hand to kiss his knuckles and wrist. “So I do. I love you very dearly.”

Jesse goes warm down to his toes, and presses his smile into Hanzo hand. “Let’s get you cleaned up," he says and tries to move. Hanzo is faster, slinging a leg over his hip and pinning him to the bed.

“Not yet,” he says, tucking his head under Jesse’s chin.

He’ll be in real foul mood come morning if he sleeps like this, with come and lube making a mess of his thighs and already drying on his belly. Jesse knows from experience, but he still pulls Hanzo in closer and tangles their legs together. “Alright, darlin’,” he says. “I’ll stay right here, for as long as y’need me.”

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